

HOMeward BOUND.

To which are added,

O Nanny wilt thou fly with me.

Ragged and True.

NANNY—O.

The Good Ship Kitty.

POOR MARY.

Tom Starboard.

The Marriage Act.



Stillings Printed by M. Randall.

Homeward Bound

Loose every sail to the breeze,
the course of my vessel improve,
I've done with the toils of the sea,
sailors I'm bound to my love.
Since Emma is true as she's fair,
my grief I fling all to the wind,
'Tis a pleasant return for my care,
my mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are fill'd to my dear,
what tropic bird swiftly can move,
Who cruel shall hold his career,
that returns to the nest of his love.
Hoist every sail to the breeze,
come shipmates and join in the song,
Let us drink while the ship cuts the sea,
to the gale that may drive her along.

OH NANNY WILT THOU FLY WITH ME.

Oh Nanny, wilt thou fly with me,
nor sigh to leave the charming town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
the lowly cote and russet gown?
No longer drest in silken sheen,
no longer deck'd with jewels rare?



Say, canst thou quit the busy scene,
where thou wert fairest of the fair?

CHORUS.

Where thou art fairest, where thou art fairest,
where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny when thou'rt far awa,
wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw
nor shrink before the warping wind?
O can that saft and geistly mien,
severest hardships learn to bear?
Nor, sad regret each courtly scene,
where thou wert fairest of the fair? &c.

O Nanny canst thou love so true,
thro' perils keen wi' me to gae?
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
to share wi' him the pangs o' wae?
And when invading pains befall,
wilt thou assume the nurse's care?
Nor wishful, those gay scenes recal,
where thou wert fairest of the fair,

And when, at last thy love shall die,
wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
and cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay,
strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
where thou wert fairest of the fair? &c.

RAGGED AND TRUE.

I will sing you a song of myself,
and so give the Devil his due,
I ne'er shall be hanged for wealth,
and as for my clothes they're but few.
For they are all gone without doubt,
to the joys of the sweet barley mow,
My pence are all worn down to nothing,
brave boys tho' I'm ragged, I'm true,

My clothes are all scratches and patches,
you may see, if you earlestly look,
My clothes are all scratches and patches,
much like to a safe written book :
But scratched or patched I'll wear them,
until I can paint them anew :
Then 'or drinking, I'll challenge the nation,
brave boys tho' I'm ragged I'm true.

Come fill us a pot of good liquor,
we'ld drink to our creditors all,
We'll pay them when times they grow better
and land lords come at the first call,
And if they will take no denial,
but run like a hare in full view,
I will give them the start upon trial,
brave boys tho' I'm ragged I'm true.

NANNY, O.

While I me for pleasure pawn their health,
'twixt Lais and the Bagnio,

I'll save myself and without stealth,
kiss and caress my Nanny—O.

She bids more fair t'engage a Jove,

Then Leda did, or Danae—O:

Were I to paint the queen of love,
none else should sit but Nanny—O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
when dancing she moves finely—O.

I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
which sparkle so divinely—O.

Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
bre the in the blest Britannia O.

None's happiness I shall envy,
as long's ye grant me Nanny—O.

CHORUS:

My bonny, bonny Nanny—O,

my lovely, charming Nanny—O,

I care not though the world knew,

how dearly I love Nanny—O.

GOOD SHIP KITTY.

I sail'd in the good ship the Kitty,
with a stiff blowing gale and rough sea

Left my Polly, the lads call so pretty,

safe here at anchor—Yo yea,

yo yea, yea yo.

She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,

and cry'd, now be constant to me;

I told her not to be down-hearted,

so up went the anchor—yo yea,
yo yea, yea yo.

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard,
and the storm came on weather and lee;
The hope I with her should be harbour'd,
was my cable and anchor—yo yea,
yo yea, yea yo.

And now, my boys, would you believe me?
I return'd with no rhino from sea;
Mrs Polly would never receive me,
so again I weigh'd anchor—yo yea,
yo yea, yea yo.

P O O R M A R Y.

DARK was the night, the children slept,
poor Mary climb'd the cottage stair,
And at her chamber window wept,
and plac'd a little taper there.

Why does he tarry thus? she cry'd,
alas! what pains I do endure!
Heaven grant this taper be his guide,
and lead him safe across the muir.

At length his well known voice she hears;
"he comes, my terror to remove!
My William comes to dry my tears."
and down she flies to meet her love.

William all pale and bloody stood;
sigh'd out, "Alas! no more we meet!"

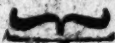
I'm stabb'd by robbers in the wood."
then fell a corpse at Mary's feet.

TOM STARBOARD.

TOM STARBOARD was a lover true,
as brave a tar as ever sail'd;
The duties ablest seamen do,
Tom did, and never yet had fail'd.
But wreck'd as he was homeward bound,
within a league of England's coast,
Love sav'd him sure from being drown'd,
for more than half the crew were lost.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear;
nay when he lost an arm, resign'd,
Said, love for Nan, his only dear,
had sav'd his life, and Fate was kind.
And now, tho' wreck'd, yet Tom return'd,
of all past dangers made a joke;
For still his manly bosom burn'd
with love—his heart was made of oak;

His strength restor'd—Tom nobly ran,
to cheer his bride, his destin'd bride;
But false report had brought to Nan,
Six months before, that Tom had dy'd:
With grief she daily pin'd away,
no remedy her life could save;
And Tom return'd the very day
they laid his Nancy in the grave!



THE MARRIAGE ACT.

THE fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride :
 For riches, like fig-leaves their nakedness hide ;
 The slave that is poor must starve all his life,
 In a batcheleors bed, without mistress or wife.

In good days of yore they ne'er troubled their
 In settling of jointures or making of deeds (heads
 But Adam & Eve, when they first enter'd course
 E'en took one another for better for worse.

Thee prithee dear Chloe, ne'er aim to be great,
 Let love be thy jointure, ne'er mind an estate ;
 You can never be poor, who have a l these charms
 And I shall be rich, when I've you in my arms.

FINIS.

